

ATA-Filk

GONE
A-MAYING

#22 - MAY 1984

- JING & PIEB

22nd Stanza
for APA-Filk
#22 / (5/84)

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Political songs? In a skit on Saturday Night Live last week, Guest/Host George McGovern played a General hawking (pun intended) a record offer, Direct Hits, including such titles as "Sandinista" (tune of "Mona Lisa" - I think ours were better), "Rangers in the Night", "Drop It" ("Beat It"), "Central American Pie", "Don't Cry for Me, Nicaragua", etc.

-&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #21 -&-

BEYOND THE LAST


- VISIBLE DOG/Vinnie Bartilucci: "God Damn the Smurfs" struck a chord; its sentiment is widespread and it's simple and easily memorized. // I prefer the alternate Hitchhiker's Guide ending using 42. // An "official" filksing is listed in the con program, provided space and usually dominated by Filthy Fierre - and shunned by many who prefer "merry spontaneity." Fortunately, by the time you got to the one at Boskone, he'd already left and we and Glasser could get our licks in. // New Year's Eve I was at a party on LI (fortunately I didn't have to change at Jamaica). // My 10-year-old nephew is into "Weird Al" Yankovic and retaped his latest album for me. Highlights are "Eat It" (yes, "Beat It"), "Theme from Rocky XIII" ("Rye or the Kaiser" - he's retired and working in a deli, taking an occasional punch at the liverwurst), "Midnight Star" (Natl Enquirer headlines and their old slogan "I Want to Know") and, for my cousin, "I Lost on Jeopardy" (she won a couple of games first; Don Pardo makes an appearance). // Congratulations on winning that filk award at Boskone for "SF Blues." I'm unfamiliar, though, with the NatLamp original.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Re "The Joys of Nuclear Disarmament", the ND insignia was the origin of the famous "peace symbol". That anti-nuke penguin must have been related to Opus. As Lehrer said, they had all the songs... // But "Sophie Scholl" is very different in tone and attitude from "Roger Bung". // Far more than politics (our group here are exceptions), inspiration for filksongs today are SCA and D&D (battle songs), books and media (retelling a story in song form), and computers. // Speaking of politics, in APA-NU Glasser asked which Grenadians said "Thank you" to the US for invading; "The live ones," I replied. // But whenever his engines abort, Scotty is never caught short... // I don't know which is worse, thinking of '60s protest songs (like "Blowin' in the Wind", "Draft Dodger Rag") as nostalgic or historical (like the railroad songs of 100 years ago) - or even still or again relevant. Reagan's 'test-driving' of various wars (shopping for the right one) seems to be resurrecting the '60s songs. Arlo Guthrie is again playing "Alice's Restaurant Massacrie."

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER/Jordin Kare: One (or both) of our coasts doesn't get Prairie Home Companion live; it plays here Sat. 6-8pm. // I'm no longer working at CARE, Jordin.

SOPFNEN/Paul J Willett: A NJ fan, Miriam Hammer, has done a nice sf'al version of "Alice's Restaurant" called "Carl Sagan's Universe". The trouble starts when, before a theoretical dinner, they clean out Carl's spaceship of the mind and dump all the old biological experiment equipment into a black hole... It's the first generic protest song, she claims. // Yes, unfortunately, small or room filksings may have informality but they may also be very cliquish and dominated by one or 2 people. // The only audience sound during a song should be spontaneous appreciation, applause or laughter, or respectful silence. // The Laimericks are malicious verse sung very off-key.

I FILK/Chris Weber: Personalized license plates make one very identifiable in accidents, to cops, etc., or to harrassing crazies.

DR ORBIT/Charlie Belov: Twinkie, Twinkie, Daniel White, / Sugar's sweet so take a bite. / Cream'n'cake as light as silk, / Then you wash it down with Milk. 

"The Great Farting Contest" - p. 2

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ANAKREON

#22, APA-Filk Mailing #22

1 May 1984

GARY HART

(Tune: "Old Joe Clark")

Gary Hart, the preacher's son,
His preaching came to grief,
No matter what the text he took,
They asked him, "Where's the beef?"

CHORUS: Fare thee well, Gary Hart,
Fare thee well, you twits.
Fare thee well, Gary Hart,
And Jesse, too, and Fritz.

Gary Hart declared that new
Ideas would be great.
His platform is the best new plans
Of Nineteen Sixty- Eight.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart is sure to win,
His image seems to say,
If everybody really wants
Another J. F. K.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart is for "high tech".
His eyes are wide and starry.
If U. S. Steel goes down the drain,
Thank god we've got Atari!

CHORUS:

Gary Hart can save us dough,
His pal Rick Lamm would say,
If all the old folks up and die
And get out of the way.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart won't draft young men
To heed the Army's call.
He plans on drafting everyone
For anything at all.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart has given up
On all the union men.
They'll put up Fritz and then they'll vote
For Reagan once again.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart has changed his mind
On welfare and defense.
There's other things he's also changed;
They used to call him "Pence".

CHORUS:

Gary Hart's an able man,
So calm your doubts and fears.
He has the full maturity
Of forty-mumble years.

CHORUS:

Gary Hart, the Yuppies' friend,
They find him all the rage,
But what else can a Hippie do
In early middle age?

CHORUS:

Gary Hart's a candidate
For office, honor, loot.
He'll be an answer, four years hence,
In "Trivial Pursuit".

CHORUS:

(continued on p. 8)

YESTERFILK

VII. Back to the Basics

Too many previous installments of this series have been politically oriented. It's time to get back to the fundamentals of filk-singing - that is, to something raucous, bawdy, scatological, and outrageous. This song, which comes from Count Pal-miro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads (Olympia Press, Paris, 1956), is part of a folk tradition going all the way back to the Habardhsljodh and the Lokasenna in the Elder Edda. The author/compiler, who is the Englishman Christopher Logue under a well-known pseudonym, does not give a tune specifically for this one, but says in his introduction that "many tunes exist, but the common 4/4 ballad rhythm will usually do. And besides, I have come to feel that the dirty song tune is almost instinctive."

And so, out of the depths of the British bawdy ballad tradition:

The Great Farting Contest

I'll tell you a ditty that's certain to please,
Of the great farting contest at Shittem-on-Pease,
When all the best arses parade on the field,
To match in fair contest for a large silver shield.

Some lift up their arses and fart up the scale,
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,
While others whose arses are biggest and strongest,
Compete in a section for loudest and longest.

Now this Easter evening had drawn a huge crowd,
And the betting was even on Mrs. McLoud,
For it had appeared in the evening edition,
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside,
With bunches of hair and a wart on each side,
She fancied her chances of winning with ease,
Having trained herself well on cabbage and peas.

Mrs. Bingle arrived with a roar of applause,
And promptly began to pull off her drawers,
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,
She'd the sweetest young arse you'd see any day.

I found Mr. Pothole was backed for a place,
Though he'd lately been placed in the deepest disgrace,
For farting so loud that it drowned the church organ,
And gassed the young Vicar and the choir-boy Morgan.

The Canon arrived and ascended the stand,
And addressed a few words to this gaseous band.
He read them the rules as displayed in the bills,
Forbidding injections and usage of pills.

The contestants lined up for the signal to start,
And winning the toss Mrs. Jones blew first fart,
The crowd stood aghast in silence and wonder,
And the B. B. C. gave a warning of thunder.

Then young Mr. Pothole was called to the front,
And began to perform a remarkable stunt,
With legs open wide and tightly clenched hands,
He blew off the roof of the Royal Grandstands.

But Mrs. McLoud reckoned nothing with this,
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss;
She took up her stance and opponents defied,
But unluckily shat - and was disqualified.

Next came Mrs. Bingle who shyly appeared,
And smiled on the crowd who lustily cheered.
They thought she was pretty - but no farting runt,
And most of the crowd wished to look at her cunt.

But with hands on her hips she stood farting alone,
And the crowd was amazed at the sweetness of tone.
The judges agreed without stopping to think,
"First prize Mrs. Bingle - oh, she's starting to stink!"

She walked to the dais with maidenly gait,
And took with a fart the set of gold plate;
She turned to the crowd as they started to sing,
And with her sweet arse burred "God Save the King."

STAR WHORES

These verses by Fred Kuhn have appeared at many s-f conventions, and once at an orgy, but so far I can't recall that they've appeared in the most natural place - APA-Filk. So here they are, to the tune of "Making Whoopie".

A spaceport bar on Tatooine -
She got a job as a libertine.
And now she's cornered
They didn't warn her
'Bout making Wookies.

A jazz musician done lured her in
To her perdition, her life of sin.
Now she's repentin',
'Cause she consented
To making Wookies.

Anatomy can vary,
Earthmen have only one.
And when she saw Big Hairy's
They didn't double her fun.

She feels so silly, 'cause she indulged,
Now that her belly's begun to bulge.
So, planet lubbers,
Use double rubbers,
When making Wookies.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

Several new APA-Filk readers have asked about back issues. As of 10 March 1984, these are the numbers of back issues lying around the place:

#5	1	#12	7	#18	21
#6	4	#14	8	#19	16
#7	1	#15	9	#20	22
#8	8	#16	17	#21	13
#9	4	#17	15		

Back issues are available for postage, as long as they last. Back Mailings not listed above are, I fear, gone. However, all back issues of ANAKREON are available, except #4.

QWXb (Baker): The Latin words you want are "Delenda est Carthago." Since word order is not as important in an inflected language such as Latin, it can also appear as "Carthago delenda est!"

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1245

Singspiel #21 (Blackman): The Christians claim that there is a difference between "Freedom of religion" and "Freedom from religion". There isn't. Either you are going to decree that everyone must profess the same religion, or there is an officially sanctioned religion with tolerated minorities, or there will be freedom of religion and some people will make use of this freedom to "get lost in the cracks" between the recognized sects. Freedom of religion causes religions, and religiosity, to decay, and eventually some perceptive Christian will realize this and come out against freedom of religion.

Any attempts to filk the present situation is going to run into a work that virtually pre-empts religious filk. It was written about 300 years ago by John Dryden, Poet Laureate of England, about the various religious sects that abounded and competed for dominance or survival then. The poem was a long allegorical narrative called The Panther and the Hind - and the various religious denominations were compared to various wild beasts! This, I believe, was the correlation:

Roman Catholics - hind (or, as we would now say, doe)

Anglicans (Episcopalians) - panther

Presbyterians - boar

Independents (now Congregationalists) - Bear

Socinians (now Unitarians) - fox

Quakers - hare

As you might expect from this set of choices, Dryden was for the Catholics and against freedom of religion. Then the Catholic king he served had to flee the country, and Dryden lost his job.

Beyond the Last Visible Dog #2 (Bartilucci): We're glad to have "God Damn the Smurfs" on record in APA-Filk, and to credit you as its author. It has become very popular, and is frequently sung (unless forcibly suppressed) right after "God Save the Queen" and "K! The King He Had a Date", midnights at fannish parties. The folk process has already altered the line "We cheer for Gargamel" into "Three cheers for Gargamel". Where this name came from for the villainous wizard I don't know. Spelled Gargamelle, it is the name of the mother of the famous Gargantua in the works of François Rabelais.

There is a rumor that the one-ounce first-class postage rate will rise to 23¢ later this year. Doesn't the number "23" have some kind of mystic significance to Illuminists?

ANAKREON #21 (me): The cover illustration, showing a king, a queen, and a knight in a hot-tub, was taken from the New York Daily News review of Marion Zimmer Bradley's The Mists of Avalon. The reviewer thought that Bradley made the famous Arthur-Guenevere-Lancelot triangle sound too much like something that might take place in a modern California suburb. (In one episode, after a drunken party at Camelot, Lancelot tumbles into bed with both Arthur and Guenevere, and guess which one he reaches for!)

Upon further reflection, I would dare say that the last two lines of Alex Comfort's "First Things First", in Yesterfilk VI, were:

"So don't screw around while we're still above ground.

Let's screw old Macmillstone instead."

I have philosophical objections against using the words "screw" or "fuck" to describe a violent or unfair triumph of one person over another. "Fuck" should be limited to sex, and "screw" to sex and carpentry.

Hemidemisemiquaver #13 (Kare): I am a devotee of "The Prairie Home Companion". (Perdita loathes it.) In recent months, alas, WNYC has ceased rebroadcasting it at noon on Sundays, so it can now only be heard here on the FM station of WNYC at 6 PM Saturday evenings. I particularly enjoy the "filksinging" session which they have in the last half-hour.

Sopfnen #2 (Willett): It's good to have APA-Filk in contact with Sopfnen, even though there are some technical difficulties involved in "How do you trade a genzine for an apa?" Hopefully the apa members will subscribe to the genzine, while the genzine's contributors and subscribers will join the apa.

(continued on p. 7)

GRACELESS NOTES

COMPUTERS OF NULL-AA is a computer fanzine, and circulates in Mentat, a computer apa. ANAKREON is a filksinging fanzine, and circulates in a filksingers' apa, APA-Filk. So where should I put filksongs about computers?

Some have already circulated in Mentat, and some have appeared in APA-Filk. In the 21st Mailing of APA-Filk, on 1 February 1984, Greg Baker put into OWXb!!! a song "written by Commodore Horatio Hornswoggle, my personal computer." (Guess its brand name.) It is entitled "Way Behind Big Blue", to the tune of "Way Beyond the Blue". ("DO loop, oh DO loop, do remember me...") He also did "Sixteen K" to the tune of "Sixteen Tons". ("You build sixteen K and what do you get? A very slow model like the Commodore PET") In the same Mailing, Charlie Belov put in "Our mouse is a very, very, very fine mouse..."

More computer filk appeared in, of all places, the New York Daily News of 8 February 1984. Lisanne Renner writes from Ratsmouth*, Florida that a record has just come out entitled "BASIC Ain't the Language of Love". It is a country-and-western collection lamenting the sad fate of the computer widow. "On this disc, the woman is about to leave her man not because he drinks too much, cheats too much, or spends too much time away from home, but because he spends too much time with his computer."

The woman tells her story in "Charlene's Timesharing":

"If only we had never stopped at that computer store,
He'd think of discs and printers less, and love me more
But he keeps writing programs, tries to make them run,
And I'm not having any fun."

"Harry's Micro Mania" tells the husband's side of the story:

"Well, I love Charlene so madly I don't know what to do,
She says my new computer makes me seem so untrue,
With all its bells and whistles it's a dream machine,
But I don't want to lose Charlene."

The songs were written by Felicia Scherer, after seeing the strained romance between her 22-year-old daughter and a computer-hacker boyfriend. The record sells for \$3.95, and is on sale at computer shops, and is selling very well even with limited distribution.

In situations like this, marriage counselors advise the neglected partner to try to take an interest in his or her mate's absorbing hobby. So, Harry buys Charlene a computer. Guess what happens:

"So now these days it's Harry's turn to feel a little
ignored,
I'm glued to my computer and I never am bored.
Now Harry is the one who says he'll pull its plug,
'Cause BASIC ain't the language of love."

To settle the dilemma I mentioned at the top of this page, it is going to go into both COMPUTERS OF NULL-AA #4 (3 March) and ANAKREON #22 (1 May). In case there's a computer hacker who wants to know more about filksinging, or a filksinger who is curious about a computer apa, the relevant information follows.

APA-Filk, the older of these amateur press associations, celebrated its 5th anniversary in February. It is published quarterly, and the

* - Well, "Boca Raton" if you think Spanish sounds more romantic.

deadlines are on the first days of February, May, August, and November. The copy count is 50. If you live out of town, send a few dollars for postage and packing. The Mailings are assembled at the home of John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. I am about as near to a central location as APA-Filk has - for instance, I store the back issues, which are available for postage.

Mentat is published on the first Saturday of every month, and is assembled at 8 PM on that date at the above-mentioned address. Its manager is William Seligman, 667 Rugby Road, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11230, and he should be contacted for back issues. The next Mailing is the 37th, and the copy count is 40.

I can print contributions to both APA-Filk and Mentat, for people who lack their own printing facilities. Just send me your 'zine on stencils that will fit on a Gestetner (9-hole) machine. Printing costs are 1 1/2¢ per copy per sheet. If you want additional copies beyond the apa's copy count, let me know, and I'll mail them to you with your copy of the apa. With your copy of the apa you will get a statement on the current state of your postage and printing account, under the heading "The Ministry of Finance". You'll have to make your own decision as to which apa is more appropriate for filksongs about computers - or maybe you might want to circulate them in both.

The dilemma stated in Ms. Scherer's songs is as old as monogamy. For what the opinion of an experienced old married man like myself may be worth, it can be settled by a recognition that each party to a marriage has his or her own private concerns which may not interest the other, and should be respected as such. I know one computer hacker whose wife is an enthusiastic fan of the National Football League - he has an intellectual's distaste for athletics. This recognition of private spheres may be difficult for couples who married young, and who have the notion that they ought to do everything together. It is easier for those who married at later periods in their lives, which is the basis of my contention that all marriages should be automatically dissolved when the younger member reaches 30, to be resumed only if both parties then wish to.

Country and western music recognized these fundamental aspects of human nature long before "pop" music did. While the pop music of the 1940s and 1950s was crooning about eternal love, country music had such titles as "One Has My Name, the Other Has My Heart". While not the best of situations, this is one which occurs often enough that it deserves recognition in such a good reflection of a people's culture as their music ought to be. Country music was willing to face these facts long before "Tin Pan Alley" discovered them.

UP WE GO AGAIN

The U. S. Postal "Service" has recently published a list of postage stamps which will be issued in 1984. The denominations of commemorative stamps are mostly given as 20¢ through 7 September; thereafter they are unstated. This seems to indicate that President Reagan is so sure of his prospects of re-election that he is going to raise postage rates in an election year - a thing which was disastrous to the last two administrations that tried it, in 1932 and 1968. I am therefore raising the rates for my publications, and no longer giving away ANAKREON and DAGON free except to a limited list of people who will be privately informed. New rates are: GRAUSTARK and EMPIRE, my war-gaming 'zines, will be 9 issues for \$6.00. COMPUTERS OF NULL-AA will be \$6.00 a year. DAGON will be \$8.00 a year (18 issues). ANAKREON will be \$2.50 a year (4 issues). These rates become effective on 1 April 1984. All back issues remain 10 for \$1.50.

LIVING IN HYMIETOWN

by Dara Monahan

(Tune: "Allentown", Billy Joel)

We're living here in Hymietown
 Where you'll find the delis all around
 Out in Jersey they're all eating pork
 We call it "traif"
 Here in New York
 Well, they call this town the melting pot
 'Cause of all the kinds of people we've
 got
 There just happens to be lots of Jews
 So what's the problem?
 So where's the news?
 We are happy here in Hymietown

But then Jesse Jackson made us frown
 'Cause he wishes we'd all go away

We're waiting here in Hymietown
 For a candidate who won't put us down
 Since the reverend thinks that we're the
 pits
 'Cause we are Hymies -
 I'll vote for Fritz!

You'd think that Jesse would know best
 Blacks and Jews have always been oppressed
 It seems we're both in the same boat
 We must row 'totgether
 To keep it afloat
 And we're waiting here in Hymietown.

Jesse, when primary time rolls around
 You'll wish Hymies could see things your
 way

Jesse Jackson had a pretty good shot
 At getting into that executive spot
 But something happened to that man from
 the south
 He went ahead and put his foot in his
 mouth.

I'm living here in Hymietown
 And it's hard to get a Hymie down
 'Cause we've been put down in every way
 I'm a Hymie here in Hymietown

Few APA-Filk readers may remember, at this late date, that the Rev. Jesse Jackson was once a candidate for the 1984 Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Shortly after Jackson brought this state of affairs to an end by referring to Jews as "Hymies" and to New York City as "Hymietown", this filksong appeared in the 2 March 1984 issue of Kingsman, Brooklyn College's weekly campus newspaper. The punctuation, or rather lack of it, is as it appeared in Kingsman.

If a person of my generation rather than Monahan's had written this, it would rhyme, and it would probably be "I'm just a Hymie from old Hymietown" to the tune of "Shantytown". Or, there might have been a reference to John F. Kennedy's famous 1962 remark "Ich bin ein Berliner." Well, ich bin ein Hymie.

Actually, I don't see why everyone is so surprised about Jesse Jackson's remark. After all, he is a Christian clergyman. What did you expect him to think and say about Jews?

GETTING CAUGHT UP (continued from p. 4)

I oppose putting APA-Filk on a more frequent schedule. Inspiration runs rather thin and irregularly with me, as you can see from the present issue, which has a lot more material from other people than from myself. Coming up with an APA-Filk contribution every other month would stretch thin an already feeble vein of creativity.

The variations on a theme of "your sister was seen at a filksing" get more and more strained. Maybe now people will stop complaining about the quality of recent contributions to "That Real Old-Time Religion".

The Cold Equations has always been one of my favorite s-f stories. I like your song version of it.

Doctor Orbit vs. the Trouble Clef (Belov): I heard some of the rally that protested the release of Dan White, recorded over National Public Radio. If you could get hold of the words of any of the songs sung there, we'd be glad to see them in APA-Filk. (There was a particularly cutting song about White's "Twinkies defense", I recall.) The release of White has one redeeming feature - it helped persuade hetero-

sexuals that prejudice against homosexuals endangers all of us - Moscone the good family man as well as Milk the homosexual. And I understand that White's actions, now that he is free, are being monitored by a group of concerned citizens in southern California.

Strum und Drang Vol. VI, #1 (Burwasser): What is Wordsmithy?

"A Chemical Christmas" (Suprina): This reminds me of the time in undergraduate chemistry lab when my test-tubes started to go off like Roman candles. Finding that nothing else worked, I had tried to clean out that white gunk in the bottoms of the tubes with concentrated sulfuric acid. Afterwards I remembered that the final experiment of the previous semester had been the synthesis of potassium chlorate!

A chemistry teacher named Trask
Kept his gin in a two-liter flask,
But a student named Clive
Added P₂S₅.
Now you go in that lab in a mask.

GARY HART (continued from p. 1)

This one was a long-time a-building. Thirty-five years ago I discovered the first of Botkin's magnificent compendia of American folklore on my aunt's bookshelf. (One frequently cited source is Charles Seeger, patriarch of the famous tribe of folksingers.) One of the songs in it was "Old Joe Clark", which probably has more verses than any other American folksong except "The Chisholm Trail". I picked out the tune on a piano, and it has been with me ever since.

The first verse identifies Joe Clark as a preacher's son, and I recalled it when it occurred to me that a sizable number of preachers and preachers' sons seem to be in political life. Jesse Jackson is a preacher, and Gary Hart and George McGovern are preachers' sons. And, among midwestern WASPs, preachers' sons are popularly supposed to be hellions. (Preachers' daughters are popularly supposed to Put Out.) The messianic quality of these politicians' speeches also suggests the ministry.

Of course, by the end of this year many of the allusions in "Gary Hart" will be obscure, and by 1988 they will be Stygian. Dick Lamm is the Governor of Colorado who kicked up a storm by urging old people to perform their biological duty and die; he later defended this by saying that money used to keep old people alive might better be used in retraining assembly-line workers from smokestack industries into "high-tech" jobs. Hart's family name was first "Pence" and then "Hartpence" before attaining its present form. Hart supports not merely the military draft but also a "universal service" plan that will grab everybody. And Trivial Pursuit is a popular board game based on finding answers to such obscure questions as "How many months pregnant was Nancy Davis when Ronald Reagan married her?" This question appeared in the "Baby Boom" supplement of this originally Canadian game, but was excised from the U. S. edition; the correct answer is "2 1/2".

(This information is included so that someone who joined APA-Filk about the time of the 45th Mailing and orders back issues can make sense out of this song.)

Though "Old Joe Clark" has long been a favorite of mine, this is the first time I have ever filked it. It has been filked before, during the labor troubles that accompanied the post-war inflationary period of 1945-1950. That filk was called "Round and Round the Picket Line", and you will find it in several sources including The People's Sing Book (Boni & Gaer, New York, 1948), which has a preface by Botkin.

GRACELESS NOTES

About two weeks ago I received a flier from the East Coast Filkers Exchange, c/o P. T. Ross, General Delivery, Moon, Va. 23119. TECFE's first publication is out; The Muze #1 includes an article by Bob "Yang" Asprin, the first of a regular series by him. The next issues will be out in July, October, and presumably January. Deadlines are the 10ths of June, September, and November for written materials, and the 15ths of those months for artwork. Membership, including 4 issues of The Muze, is \$20 a year. There are discounts for group membership. Contributions are solicited.

A few things have changed since I put previous pages of this issue on stencil. A big back issue order came in, and so one must be subtracted from each of the numbers of copies of available back issues on page 3. This means that APA-Filk Mailin 1-5, 7, 10, 11, and 13 are no longer available.

I have since discovered that Walter Mondale is also a preacher's son, thus adding yet another to the list of preachers and preachers' sons involved in the futile race for a worthless Democratic Presidential nomination. As I told people who were incredibly, impressed by George McGovern's "campaign" in 1972, westerners know that when someone comes on talking like that, whether his topic is religion or politics. You should clamp both hands firmly over your wallet and sidle towards the exit.

(WASPs are too used to these guys by now, so they instead come to the big cities to try to charm Jews and Blacks. Blacks are getting immune, too, since they have had preachers in the leadership positions filled by lawyers, doctors, educators, or businessmen among other groups. The black leaders of previous generations were preachers simply because at one time that was almost the only job opening for a black intellectual, and the only one to which whites conceded any status. This, I am convinced, was the only reason why a man of Martin Luther King's personal capacities went into the ministry. Someday, some charismatic black leader will succeed in putting together a real "Rainbow Coalition" - but he won't be a preacher. Their time is past in politics among people of all ethnic groups.)

Pete Seeger sends along some more verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion, which will see print in ANAKREON #24 on 1 November. Other readers are asked to send in their collected or composed verses by early October. Seeger also writes that back issues of Sing Out are available, either in original form or as xeroxes, from Sing Out Magazine, Box 1071, Easton, Penn. 18042.

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Mark Blackman observes that the penguin cited by Alex Comfort in his "First Things First" must have been a relative of Opus, the true hero of Berk Breathed's comic strip Bloom County. Of course, it might also be observed that Comfort's song referred to the Arctic, while penguins are strictly southern hemisphere birds.

*

Much itching and twitching about copyright has occurred in the press lately. Someone recently sent Ann Landers some wise thoughts reprinted from her column, and Ann replied that, while she appreciated the compliment, her column is copyrighted, and copyrighted material should not be reproduced without the holder's permission.

The New York Times of 17 April 1984 reported that the Prime Minister of Australia was surprised to learn that Carl Fischer Music Inc. of New York has the North American copyright on the famous Australian song "Waltzing Matilda". "The discovery was made when several Australian film companies used the song in films that later were shown in the United States. They were asked to pay royalties." This song nearly became the official national anthem of Australia, and is better known than the official one, "Advance Australia Fair". (God Save Who?) A representative of Carl Fisher Music, which will continue to hold this copyright until 2011, says that his firm is really an agent for the Australian publisher.*

*

WNYC, the local National Public Radio station, has thought better of cancelling its AM re-broadcast of The Prairie Home Companion. Beginning on 6 May, Garrison Keillor's show will be broadcast not only from 6-8 PM on Saturday, but from noon to 2 PM on AM the following day.

*

The state of Maryland is being dragged, kicking and screaming, into the 20th century by a controversy over its state song, "Maryland, My Maryland". The tune is from Germany, brought in by the many German Catholic immigrants of the mid-19th century, and is thus known in Germany as "O Tannenbaum". (In Great Britain, the Labour Party has used the same tune for its party anthem "The Red Flag".) The word

* - Imagine them trying to collect royalties at the Los Angeles Olympics every time the Austrialians win a gold medal!

of "Maryland My Maryland" first appeared in 1861, as an appeal to Marylanders to join the other states where slavery was then believed to be legal, in acts of treason. James Ryder Randall, a Marylander then teaching English at a Louisiana College, was so enthusiastic about an attack made by a Baltimore mob on Massachusetts volunteers that he knocked out nine verses urging other Marylanders to emulate this action. "The despot's heel is on thy shore," he begins - and the "despot" to whom he referred was President Lincoln! "Virginia should not call in vain," he urged, and he concluded, "She is not dead, nor deaf, not dumb; Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum! She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come! Maryland, my Maryland." (I wonder what that sexual imagery was really getting at!)

At long last, some Marylanders have begun to get a little upset at these loathsome sentiments. But, as you might expect, others have actually risen in defense of Randall's vicious and traitorous verses.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

ANAKREON, a bulletin of filksongs and filksinging, is published quarterly by John Boardman (address below). It circulates through APA-Filk, a filksinging amateur press association collated at this same address and frequency. The copy count of APA-Filk is 50, and the next Mailing will be collated on 1 August 1984. Outside APA-Filk, ANAKREON is circulated to anyone who has expressed an interest in it, or whom the publisher thinks might be interested.

I can print your APA-Filk contribution for 1.5¢ per copy per sheet if you send in Gestetner stencils (8.5x11 in the old "inch" measurement, please.) I can also mail your copy of APA-Filk to you for postage plus 8¢ an envelope. Prior to this Mailing, but including all its printing costs, the postage and printing accounts are:

Charlie Belov	\$5.85	Harold Groot	\$1.89	Mark Richards	99¢
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Jordin Kare	\$4.45	Michael Rubin	\$4.07
Sean Cleary	\$13.10	J. Spencer Love	\$8.29	Pete Seeger	\$15.05
Marc Glasser	2¢	Margaret Middleton	\$4.01	Paul Willett	\$15.37

Accounts of Vinnie Bartilucci, Lee Burwasser, Phil Cohen, Dana Hudes, Bob Lipton, and Deirdre and Jim Rittenhouse are combined with their APA-Q accounts. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Elliot Shorter	-\$2.00		

After postage costs for this 22nd Mailing, your balance is _____.

ANAKREON #22

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11226

FIRST CLASS MAIL

In this issue:

The absolutely last filksongs
this side of oblivion for
Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson!

FFFFFFF	IIIIIII	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEEEEEE	RRRRRRR	SSSSSS
FFFFFFF	IIIIIII	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEEEEEE	RRRRRRR	SSSS SSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKK	KKK	EEE	RRR RRR	SSSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKKKKK		EEEEEEE	RRRRRRR	SSSS
FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKKKKK		EEEEEEE	RRRRR	SSSS
FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRRRRR	SSSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRR RRR	SSS SSSS
FFF	IIIIIII	LLLLLLLL	KKK KKK		EEEEEEE	RRR RRR	SSS SSSS
FFF	IIIIIII	LLLLLLLL	KKK KKK		EEEEEEE	RRR RRR	SSSSS

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IIIIIIII	TTTTTTTTTT
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DDD	AA	W	W	N	N
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D D	A A	W	WW	W	N N N
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verse 6, part 1

for APA-FILK 21

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2 Santa Clara, CA 95050 (408)985-9564

This almost became the first time that I didn't put an introductory sentence in to lead in to the

GRACE NOTES

- John - Should we agree to stop at 666 verses? How about after 25 good ones?
- Mark - In a tesseract dungeon, the roof might CONNECT to the dungeon!
- Jordin - I offered to proofread for you....
- Lee - The problem out here is that stairways are often: a) outdoors, and b) only 2 stories tall, and c) numerous (Not always, of course)
- Marc - APA-Filk USED to have minac (4 pages/year)...John? If the abbreviation used is 'LIR' instead of 'LIRR', what happens to the expansions such as 'Lethargic Incompetent Rolling Rattletrap'? Besides, who ever heard of an 'R' crossing?
- Greg - I'm willing, but - do you think people have enough material for every 2 months? I'm looking forward to the tape.
- Paul - AHA - we finally hooked you. So far, APA-Filk gets all my first run songs, but if you're intrested in running old ones
- Vinnie - Thanks for the letter. There were no/none/zilch contributions, so the APA-TAPE never got off the ground. If you can't get to a sing, send me a blank tape & I'll tape a few for you. Postage is usually .58

The Ballad of Kator Secondcousin

by Harold Groot

Tune: Pioneer's Song by Jordin Kare

based on the story "The Alien Way", by Gordon Dickson

Am G
Along the drifting winds of space the Random Factor came.

Am G E
Aton Maternaluncle's death did quickly seal his claim.

Am G F
The Ruml dream came fast alive, the chance that comes but once,
(F)

Am G Am G (Em) Am
To Found a Kingdom was his dream, and have a hundred sons.

To "Found a Kingdom" is the dream in every Ruml's eyes,
But only one could lead the ship the soared to distant skies.
He liquidated all his worth that he might get to try,
He pledged his Family Coffer-Right, sword lessons for to buy.

He must defeat a Champion to gain the keys to doors,
His only chance lay in the ways of ancient warriors.
With weapons thought archaic and with just a month to train,
He pressed his sole advantage home, a Family to gain.

As Keysman now, he only asked perfection from his crew,
And learned a Founder cannot make mistakes as mortals do.
His only friend, though innocent, condemned by his own hand,
In death and Honor met his eyes, and knew the Kingdom planned.

The expedition scouted Earth, to learn the strength of man.
The trail led him underground, and then back up again.
A scramble 'cross some polished steel did cause a minor fall,
But soon his gamble was assured - and now to claim it all.

Ready for the voyage home, the only one alive,
His Kingdom safely in his grasp, the Rum1 racial drive.
His actions showed he had the best that Rum1 genes could give,
They died in honor so his genes could, through his children, live.

Disaster then young Kator found, he had been led awry,
And those who might have Founders borne, too quick had been to die.
Dishonored to the ultimate, he thought still of his race,
And begged that they might let him live, to learn from his disgrace.

Though all assembled granted him a day before they'd act,
Their racial instincts moved them all as one to the attack.
The noblest Rum1 of them all lay dead below their feet,
But truth was in those last few words I venture to repeat:

"I DIE IN HONOR!"

I seem to be running about 1 convention per issue of APA-Filk. Thanksgiving weekend had Baycon. The filking was somewhat ragged, as a number of good filkers were conspicuous by their absence (of course, the fact that there was a convention in Los Angeles the same weekend had something to do with it). What this did allow was a midwest style filksing. There were limited numbers of performers and enough newcomers to filking that you could say that there was a real "audience". We asked for requests fairly regularly, and even arm-twisted a few good performers into singing. So what could have been a mediocre sing actually turned out fairly well. All in all, I thought it showed that the midwest style is perfectly viable out here AT A CONVENTION.

I understand that the dates for Baycon may be changed to avoid conflict in the future. I think (don't quote me on this) that somebody mentioned Memorial Day weekend 1985 as the next Baycon.

In early March (2-4) the area will have Bayfilk 2. I am looking forward to this very much. Diana Gallagher will be GoH, Julie Ecklar is coming, Leslie Fish has promised new material, Juanita Coulson will be here, Bill Roper is a possibility, Kathy Marr is expected, and more. For any who haven't gotten the word, it will be at the Red Lion Inn in San Jose. If Jordin gets an article in he will probably talk about it some more.

There is also a chance that I will get to a convention down in L.A. in Feb. The trouble with that one is that it is on the same days as a very big SCA event, as well as a local D&D convention. So few cons, and they all seem to conflict. Sigh.

There will be a local sing here on Feb. 4. It's one that has been postponed a few times, and now will serve as something of a warmup to Bayfilk. The only thing I worry about is that people may save their new material for Bayfilk. I hope to recruit some singers there, though. I have 4-part music in barbershop harmony. If I can find time to finish the lyrics, I hope to have a group presentation for Bayfilk. This is still speculative, however. I remember saying much the same thing about "DAMN IMPIES" last year. Time is one of the problems. I stayed at work Friday until 2 a.m., Saturday until midnight, and this page is being added at "Lunch Break" - Sunday, around midnight. Things have been rather hectic, and I've had rather little time left for writing ("...said John Campbell, said John Campbell ...").

KEEP ON FILKING!

P.S. - The next pages are not the same as these, so don't skip over them thinking you got a double set. Somehow these pages missed getting in APA-Filk 21, so you're getting 2 articles in #22

~~XXXX~~ DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF b#(B#above middle C) aka Good Grief, More Doctor Orbit Papers page 24 and possibly page 25 depending on whether there are one or two pages, Bellona Times Tabloid # 703, by Charles A. Belov aka Doctor Orbit aka The Official Charlie ~~xxx~~ Belov, 2215-R Market St. #153 (note COA), SF CA 94114-1612. Phone (415) CULTURE. For APA-Filk. Please index as Doctor Orbit vs. the Trouble Clef b#

TRY TO REMEMBER THE FILKS OF NOVEMBER (cs on Apa-Filk #20)

HAROLD GROOT: Re oversized filks, how about a lot more smaller rooms rather than a few large ones. A circle should really only last about 45 minutes per round to keep the frustration level down.

MARC GLASSER: Absotively posilutely love Change at Jamaica Farewell. Nitpick: There is not presently a Blue Point LIRR Station, so the song needs updating. (Then again, the movie Forty-Deuce shows hustlers going uptown from Times Square--the car's destination reads New Lots Avenue. Arrgh!)

GREG BAKER: Cute "Bored Space Traveler" but oy, the scansion.

VINNIE BARTILUCCI: Welcome, Bonzo Dog Fan.

I can't find the comment, but the reason Off Centaur probably does more cassettes than records is:

- 1) Equipment to duplicate tapes cost well under \$1000. Equipment to duplicate records costs many thousnads of dollars.
 - 2) It is very economical to produce a small number of copies of tapes. You make exactly as many tapes as you have orders for. But records usually require a minimum run of 500 copies, and if you print too many you can't re-print them as something else.
-

BAGEL OVER BEETHOVEN (cs on APA-Filk #21)

GREG: Funny, but I wouldn't worry about C-64 sales. // I wasn't surprised it scanned perfectly. I meant that the original verses don't scan when sung to other verses.

VINNIE: I've only heard SASE pronounced & spelled out or to rhyme with mace, not Macy.

JOHN BOARDMAN: excellent essay re protest songs.

PAUL WILLETT: cFilk Until Dawn: People who print in condensed dot matrix shouldn't throw stones. // vg essay on recordings.

CHRIS WEBER: SAE Travelin' Time.

LEE

BURWASSER: Bye? (Maybe) My correct index entries are:

- #17 DR ORBIT vs THE TROUBLE CLEF f - Charles A Belov
- #18 DR ORBIT vs THE TROUBLE CLEF g - Charles A Belov
- #19 DR ORBIT vs CONNECTICUT TRANSIT -- E - Charles A Belov
- (that was not a stray frank-thru, as it contained cs to Apa-Filk)
- ~~#21 DR ORBIT vs THE TROUBLE CLEF~~



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN
presents

```

      SSSSS HH HH AAAA RRRRR EEEEE
SS    HH HH AA AA RR RR EE
SSSS  HHHHHH AAAAAA RRRRR EEEEE
:: :: :: SS HH HH AA AA RR RR EE
:: :: :: SSSSS HH HH AA AA RR RR EEEEE

      EEEEE NN NN JJ 0000 YY YY      ## ## 8888
EE    NNN NN JJ 00 00 YYY Y      ##### 88 88
EEEE  NNNNNN JJ 00 00 YY      ## ## 8888
EE    NN NNN JJ JJ 00 00 YY      ##### 88 88 .. ..
EEEE  NN NN JJJJ 0000 YY      ## ## 8888 .. ..

```

Welcome to SHARE AND ENJOY, the magazine that knows where its towel is, created for APA-FILK, whenever he runs out of excuses for not doing so, by Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, who lives at One, Two, Three, Many, 41 Eastern Parkway, #10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238, rents P.O. Box 1252, Bowling Green Station, New York, New York 10274 (whither please send all correspondence larger than a standard business envelope), and occasionally answers the phone at (212) NEO-LOC-8. This is issue #8, another quickie one-sheeter owing to flassing inspiration, dated May 1984 and intended for APA-FILK #22. It's a combined production of Syscrash Programmers and Quick Brown Fox Press, both subsidiaries of Thisamajis Inc., and is copyright (c)1984 by Marc S. Glasser.

Since my Muse seems to be on an extended vacation, I wasn't planning to waste everyone's time at all, but someone--I think it was Charlie Belov--asked several months ago if I'd run a particular fragment through both APA-NYU and APA-FILK. I got it from ~~Alex~~ J. Spencer Love (who runs the Boskone filksong contests), who says he got it from someone outside fandom. I don't know whether it has a proper title, but I prefer to call it "The Irish Politician", since its tune is "The Irish Washerwoman":

Oh, your father is dead and your mother is old
And your brother is dead and your brother is dead
And your brother is dead and your wife is a drunk
And your kid has one leg and your car doesn't float.

Recent developments, of course, may make certain revisions appropriate in the song, such as adding "and your nephew is dead" somewhere along the line (or one of the lines). On the other hand, if all the dead relatives of the politician in question were to be listed, we'd need at least one more whole verse. This got me to thinking, though, about the good songs that are no longer sung because they've lost their topicality. It's been a long time, for example, since I've heard anyone sing "The Ballad of Giovanni Batista Montini". Pity.

As long as I'm here, I might as well make a few comments.
LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING: Comments on APA-FILK #19

STRUM UND DRANG (Lee Burwasser): There was a "Talking Pop Art" on an old Tom Paxton album I used to have (Ghu knows where it's walked off to) which was more social satire than protest. ("I went into town last week/Passed a store they call a bou-tique./Fancy clothes of every size,/Fancy Jewelry to pop your eyes./They were selling bracelets.../Diamond rings.../Stuff for women, too!") Does that count?

QWXB!!! (Gres Baker): We shall shortly see (say it three times fast) which of those plot lines get used in the sequel to V. /*/ (zme) But I think "Gafiate" is setting too long--perhaps it has not yet

Page 2. . May 1984
SHARE AND ENJOY #8
...for APA-FILK #22...

to GREG reached the Young Man Mulligan Threshold (wherever that
BAKER may be), but I start to get just a bit bored by the time
continued I finish singing it. Perhaps I'm being overcritical of
my own creation; I ought to ask for more feedback.

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING: Comments on APA-FILK #20

SINGSPIEL (Mark L. Blackman): "Name the errors" in the Bermuda Triangle
flyer? Easier to name the accuracies. The Triangle will be back
at Folk City in late May, by the way, and selling their new LP.

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER (Jordin Kare): Thanks much for the explanation re:
Westerfilk II, and APA-FILK material in Westerfilk. Thanks also,
while I'm at it, for the esoboo of putting "Gafiate" on the Best
of ConStellation tape. Real Soon Now I'll be ordering some of Off-
Products, as soon as I finish playing the records and tapes I've
acquired over the last year or two and not yet played. . . (Aside
to Paul Willett: this also applies to back issues of PFNEN.)

STRUM UND DRANG (Lee Burwasser): (to Blackman) "...did Key have anything
to do with putting his poem to 'Anakreon in Heaven'? I suspect
he'd've had better taste." People do strange things under the
stress of battle. /*/ (to me) "...since you seem determined to turn
criticism into an argument." Oh, I see: you're arguing with my
criticism of your remarks.

FILKERS DO IT 'TIL DAWN (Harold Groot): True, the shock value of the
unsung rhyme is gone, but then that particular word had already
lost much of its power to shock (as you note). The point was par-
ticularly strongly brought home to me when I Abra Cinii filked my
filk, turning "Gafiate" into "Retrofit"--a plaint by a starship
captain that his command seat on the bridge is in need of repair.
The chorus runs: "Ret-ro-fit!/Give me no shit!/Fix this control
chair or I will not sit!" Thus the implied rhyme for shock value
becomes an explicit rhyme for humorous value; The Times They Have
A-Changed, I guess. /*/ I'm an average filker, and I decided, for
the most part, not to come to the "official" ConStellation filk
sings because it wasn't worth the hassle. "Gafiate" was taped the
one night I went, stayed long enough to sing one song, then left.
I don't have any good ideas for solutions, though, and will readily
admit I'm not the most dedicated filker in fandom.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG (Vinnie Bartilucci): "Scotty" much appre-
ciated. When I tried it at Philcon, though, someone pointed out
that it's unlikely Scotty would drink beer when off-duty; Scotch
and Saurian brandy are much more his speed. I therefore propose
modifying the last line of the third verse to "In which he keeps
a fifth of Dewar's and a Rubik's Cube". /*/ I'm not familiar with
that Lonnie Donegan piece. Can you bring a disk or tape of it over
sometime? (Which reminds me: one time when Dr. Demento was still
receiveable around here, I heard him play a live recording of "Does
Your Chewing Gum Lose its Flavor", with some new words--one of the
choruses began "Does your chewing gum have more uses than it says
upon the pack?/Can you lend it to your brother and expect to get it
back?" If anyone knows where I can find this recording, or has a
copy heesh'd be willing to tape for me, please let me know!)

NUKE THE KAZOO #1

For APA-Filk distribution #22

©1984 by Michael Rubin.

[This issue of NUKE THE KAZOO set in Geneva 12 using MacWrite, a product of Apple Computer Inc. Sorry about the cheap-looking dot-matrix, but the Macintosh hasn't been taught to drive decent printers yet.]

Formal Introduction section:

Well, as you may have guessed by that lonely little issue number, this is my first zine for APA-Filk. ~~Qashwaywdayday~~. Seeing as most of you don't know me, I guess I'd better introduce myself:

Names: Mike Rubin / RUBIN@COLUMBIA-20

Occupation: Computer Hacker (APL, Pascal, 68000/UNIX, DEC-20, Macintosh)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Fandoms: Animation, Bermuda Triangle, D&D, Elfquest, Hacking, L-5 & space, Oddball engineering, Railroads & subways, SF, and of course *Filk*...

Hmm, what else can I put in here... oh yes, why am I a filker. My grandfather was a composer (Isadore Freed 1895-1960, wrote Jewish liturgical music and modern classical) so presumably I'm genetically predisposed. In grade school I was pointed at a viola because they needed a viola player for the orchestra; after a semester or two I learned to detest violas in particular and the performing arts in general, and gave up on music altogether except for summer-camp folksongs. I remained in this toneless limbo until Noreascon II, where as a fluorescently green neofan I discovered the wonders of Filthy Pierre and "The Outer Space Marines."

In retrospect, what I had actually learned in grade school was that I lack the dexterity to operate all ten fingers at once (I type 3-fingered -- left index, right index, right middle). In the meantime I have managed to become a musical illiterate, so even with magical gizmos like the Omnichord around I still can't play anything more complex than a kazoo because I don't know a seventh chord from a hole in the ground. And of course it's a pain in the ass when I try to write songs. For the past two years I have wanted to take lessons and remedy this situation, but in the consulting business I alternately work overtime or go broke. Ah well, guess it's Murphy's Law. [Does Murphy have a verse in "Old Time Religion"? He's certainly one of the more powerful gods of this universe....]

Random Ramblings section:

I was reading Peter S. Beagle's The Last Unicorn the other day, and noticed that besides "When I was a Young Man" it has a few other songs and fragments in it. Has anybody put tunes to these? Has Beagle? For that matter, who got the idea of singing "When I was a Young Man" to "Ash Grove"? (And what about Naomi?)

Scurrilous Comments on the Previous Distribution section:

QWXd (Baker): "This issue is being written by Commodore Horatio Hornswaggle, my personal computer"? I don't let my machine write zines for me, at least not yet....

Anakreon (Boardman): Hmm, I didn't notice as much violence as you did at the Constellation filksings (not counting Yang the Nauseating's voice and guitar one night at 4 AM). "Daddy's Little Girl" was about Stephen King's Firestarter, a girl with an unwanted psychic power, not an arsonist....

SOPFEN (Willet): The basic Worldcon filk problem seems to be "how can I listen to the stuff I want to hear, and avoid the rest?" Everybody wants to hear Leslie Fish and Julia Ecklar, so scheduled mini-concerts are a good idea. There's just no way to keep out twits intent on proving Sturgeon's Law, who nobody wants to hear. But how about scheduling topical filks (Trek, D&D, SCA, Dorsai, computer hacking, chemistry...)?

Another Worldcon idea: Provide a coin-operated copier somewhere near the filk room.

This is a Filkzine, So There'd Better Be Some Filk in It section:

This song seems to be spreading, so I guess I'd better publish it somewhere in hopes someone can invent a vaccine... Back in '82, I was heading back from an Urcon (Rochester) to NYC with a few friends. We decided to head south on I-380 and then east via Scranton, to avoid the Thruway tolls. Unfortunately, about ten miles of I-380 hadn't been built yet; and of course it was cut through picturesque open country instead of paralleling a state road, so the detour was at least twice that long. In the meantime, we had been watching an eastbound thunderstorm on the horizon ahead of us. We caught up to it around Binghamton, and left it behind a few hours later as we passed through the Delaware Fog Gap. At least we avoided seeing New Jersey due to the zero visibility. I started the song on the I-380 detour, though it took a few months for all the verses to come out...

Country Roads, 1982 by Michael Rubin.

Tune: "Country Roads" by John Denver.

[To properly filk the original, sing a few notes above your range during hay fever season, though it beats me how he gets his guitar to sound nasal too.]

Almost hell, this two-lane detour
Up through mountains, down along a river
The road is old there, older than the trees,
Potholes every ten feet, rippling like the breeze.

CHORUS: Country roads, take me back
To where I get quite lost;
West Virginia, South Dakota,
Where am I, country roads?

Once this stream was three feet lower;
Now I'm driving knee-deep in blue water.
Great big storm clouds covering the sky
And the leaky roof is dripping in my eye.

CHORUS

I hear the mooing of the cows by the roadside;
The radio reminds me that my home is far away.
If I'd found the interstate I could have been home early yesterday,
Yesterday...

CHORUS.

TRUM UND DRANG

Vol. VI #2

SuD

Beltane

Inflicted on APA-FILK by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781

Once More Unto the Breach . . .

Why is no light in Mamma's front apartment hall?
"I will just sit in the dark," said she.
"You with your business, and important work, and all,
No need for changing the lightbulb for me."

TWANGS

COVER (Blackman): Cute.

QWXb (Baker): "Big Blue" is cute, too. "Sixteen K" loses; strained construction is never a good idea.

Singspiel (Blackman): re ct me, I was thinking of the advice every career woman gets--never be seen at a typewriter or you'll lose all status and caste.

ANAKREON (Boardman): What happened to pages 5 & 6? // Maybe someone should do a song protesting the use of "pacifism" to mean everything from total non-violence to distinction between just and unjust wars.

SOPFNEN (Willett): Under a kilt you wear shoes. // Taping. I once did a series of songs for a friend of mine who wanted them on file. Since most of them were songs that I seldom if ever sing, it was lousy as a performance, but said friend now has words and music. For performance, she has tapes from cons. If you want "studio" recordings, turn your hotel room into a studio; otherwise, take it as it comes. // Limericks: Long lines should have two-syllable rimes, short lines one-syllable. The ideas are pleasantly whacky.

FILLER

At this rate, I'll end up culling trivia. Come to think of it, a trivia challenge will give me a couple of lines of sure material nextish. OK:

In what distrib of APA-DUD did the APA-FILK flyer appear?
What was the month and year?
How accurate was the prediction on the page preceeding?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

1892

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1892

ASSAULT AND CATTERY is a zine for Apa-Filk ~~fx~~ by Not-Cat, transcribed by human Charles A. Belov, 2215-R Market St. #153 (note COA), SF CA 94114-1612. Title suggested by Marc S. Glasser. Purrrtinent Publication #4. Academy awards results: Purrs of Endearment, Tender Mousies, Against All Dogs, and Miou-Miou in Entre Mew.

I have discovered a commercial which is a filk of another commercial. I have been making my human, Doctor Orbit, tune in to A Prairie Home Companion on K NPR each Saturday so I can listen to commercials for Bertha's Kitty Boutique. Up until recently, BKB was unrepresented in the Bay Area. Dr. O absolutely refused to go to Glendale, in Southern CA. I was about to bite him in frustration, when the BKB eased their restrictions. They were not unmoved by the fact that a place with the name Los Gatos had to have a lot of people who cared about cats, so they opened a store there. Dr. O grouched about having to go all the way to the South Bay area, and I was about to give him a warning nip when he admitted that there was a BKB at the Hillsdale ~~Shopping~~ Shopping Center in San Mateo, just halfway down the peninsula. So I definitely did bite him then for concealing that info from me.

Among the things he brought back was a publication called A Purring Home Companion, subtitled News For Your Cat From Lake Dogbegone, Minnesota. Lake Dogbegone is apparently not too many miles, as Minnesotan miles go, from lake Woebegone. Lake Dogbegone is a similar town, being the town that cat-haters forgot, where all the she-cats are ~~xxx~~ strong, all the toms are good looking, and all the kittens are the pick of the litter.

One of the products he brought back for me was Powdermilk Cat Biscuits. After years of experimenting with humans (Powdermilk Biscuits), they are ready to please sensitive cat tummies. They come in a Tiger Striped bag (the biscuits, that is), and they are indeed tasty and ~~xxxpxxxdixxxx~~ ex-purr-ditious. They claim to be made from the whole wheat that gives shy cats the strength to get up and tell their humans to do what needs to be done. As I have no problem in making my needs known, I cannot speak to this, but I would recommend that Pete and Springtime Baker try the biscuits, as they are under the delusion that their humans, Greg and Sharron, are ghods. Then again, Powdermilk Cat ~~Bx~~ Biscuits don't claim to do anything about mental illness.

Normally, A Purring Home Companion is available free with a \$7.00 purchase at BKB. But for a limited time, it is available free with a two-bag purchase of Powdermilk Cat Biscuits. I recommend that all cats require their humans to make the \$7.00 (or more) purchase anyway.

Anyway, ~~xx~~ the filk involves the new commercial for Powdermilk Cat Biscuits. It is set to the tune of the Powdermilk Biscuits commercial. And here ~~xx~~ it is:

Oh, have you kitties tried 'em, Powdermilk?

Have you kitties tried 'em, Powdermilk.

Oh, if you haven't tried 'em

Send your humans out to buy 'em

~~XXXXX~~ They're the cool cat's item, Powdermilk.

Clarification: The humans should purchase ~~\$xxxx~~ \$7.00 worth of stuff including (or even better, in addition to, the Biscuits).

ASSAULT AND CATTERY by Not-Cat, page two

CHARIOTS OF FUR by Not-Cat

Tune: Chariots of Fire piano solo by Vangelis

The chariots of fur / will / be coming your way.
The chariots of fur / will / be purring today.
The chariots of fur / will / be coming your way.
The chariots of fur / wil / be purring today.

They'll purr when the sun is rising high.
They'll purr when it's gone.
They'll purr when it hides behind the clouds.
They'll purr on and on.

They'll purr when the moon is waxing full.
They'll purr when it wanes.
They'll purr when the snow falls from the sky.
They'll purr when it rains. (REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

TAKING ME TO THE VET by Not-Cat

Tune: Leaving on a Jet Plane by John Denver
(reprinted ~~for~~ from Apa-Mew #92)

1. Now my dish is empty; I'm fully fed.
It's time that I went back to bed.
It's daytime and the time to sleep is now.
But my humans are disturbing me;
There's somewhere that they're taking me.
Already I'm so bothered, I could howl.

CHORUS:

Wash me and purr for me,
Pray that they don't neuter me.
Groom me like you'll never let me go.
'Cause they're taking me to the vet.
Don't know why I put up with it.
(Meow) I hate to go.

2. So many times I ate your food,
So many times I acted rude
And pushed in front to get on someone's lap.
Every purr I purr is purred at you.
Every mouse I catch is caught for you.
I even dream of you each time I nap. So (CHORUS)

3. So one last time, let me sniff you,
One last time, let me lick you,
Before I'm in the cage and on my way.
Think of when they bring me back;
We'll romp and purr and hit the sack.
Think of when I will not have to say, " (CHORUS) ".
-

Meow, I hate to go, too. But this is the end of my zine.
Besides, it's about time I scarfed down some more of those tasty
and ex-purr-ditious Powdermilk Cat Biscuits. The end.

LITTLE COMPUTING MACHINE

Words: copyright 1983 Stephen Savitzky
Music: "Black Velvet Band"

In the place they call Silicon Valley,
As programmer I was employed
And it's many the long happy hour, my friends,
Of debugging that I have enjoyed.

As I went out walking one evening,
Just looking for something to eat,
I saw a little computer
In a shop by the side of the street.

Its screen had many bright colors,
The loveliest thing I had seen,
It was just what I always had wanted
A Little Computing Machine.

I stopped to look into the window,
A salesman he pulled at my sleeve.
He said "come let me show you its features--
It does things that you wouldn't believe."

He showed me its bells and its whistles,
His eyes had a hypnotic sheen,
And before I knew what I was doing
I'd bought the Computing Machine.

chorus

I set my machine on the table,
I plugged it right into the wall.
Then I turned on the switch and I waited--
It blinked and did nothing at all.

I thought of the words of the salesman,
He said I could use it with ease,
So I started to read the instructions,
Which were translated from Japanese.

chorus

Well, soon I was zapping invaders,
But that quickly became rather tame,
So I sat down and started to program it
'Cause that is my favorite game.

I taught it to play a few filksongs,
I wrote me a program or two,
Then I stopped and looked up in amazement--
I'd been there forty hours straight through!

chorus

Weeks passed and I hardly took notice
I lost friends and employment and all,
And when men in white coats came to call on me,
I don't think I saw them at all.

Now I live on a farm with tall fences,
The atmosphere's calm and serene
And it's far from the Silicon Valley,
and my Little Computing Machine.

chorus

So if you go to Silicon Valley
Beware of the salesman you see,
And the little machines that they're selling
Or you may end up crazy like me.

Beware of the graphics that dazzle,
Beware of the colorful screen,
And the deadly temptation of playing with
The Little Computing Machine.

chorus

THE SANDMAN COMMETH

I mentioned lastish (which you're reading this) that I might get down to a con in L.A. in Feb., and that there was a big SCA event the same weekend. Simple, I decided. I'll drive to L.A., filk for a few hours, and then continue on to Ariz. That way there's no chance of arriving at the site before dawn. Well, I got to L.A. with no trouble around midnight. Nothing going on. I sat down in the lobby and got a small filk going. So far, so good. I left at about 3 AM. All according to plan. However, I found my eyes getting very tired as I drove. I rubbed them, as one will, and blamed the fact that I was driving directly towards the desert sunrise. They did seem much worse than usual. When I arrived at the site I found out that some sand had gotten under the lids and that by rubbing my eyes I had managed to scratch an eyeball. The treatment for this was to stay in my tent for most of the weekend, as the wind and sand was not considered good for the scratched eye. So I missed most of the war recuperating. I also found that fine sand gets everywhere. When I went to sleep, the tears from the eye mixed with the silt in the air to form a sort of cement. When I woke up, it took 12 minutes of very delicate work to unstick my eyelids. In spite of this I managed to get to some bardic circles on Sunday night. My eye was getting better, and the wind had died down.

BAYFILK

Bayfilk was held March 2-4. It was extremely good. Diana Gallagher, Julie Ecklar, Frank Hayes and MANY more. I welcomed the dawn twice, and got 33 hours of tape. There was a concert on Friday, which unfortunately meant that some had to miss it - it should be on Saturday if possible. Oak, Ash & Thorn had a concert on Saturday (which I had to miss, dammit), followed by one shots (which worked very well). Part of the program guide were some pages with "ME-ME-ME" or "Pass", designed to help regulate the sing. While it did help skip those who did not wish to participate, it didn't help much in regulating those who did. They tended to just leave the "ME-ME-ME!" signs out all the time. This meant that it was impossible to let people know when you have a perfect follow to the song being sung, because your "ME-ME-ME!" sign has to compete with 20 others. Perhaps a "FOLLOW" sign would help. Perhaps a rule could be stated ahead of time to the effect that, after you perform, you must take down your "ME-ME-ME!" sign and you may not put it up again until 10 other people have sung. Still and all, the signs DID help some. Later the sing was turned into bardic circle (the moderators needed sleep). When it got late enough (5 AM or so) it turned into more of a midwest style, which was quite manageable with the reduced numbers. It is also worth noting that there were almost no cases of hog-itis. The singers were, for the most part, very polite to each other about turns. The people upstairs were not so polite. There was some sort of dancing going on in the room directly overhead. This was setting up sympathetic vibrations in the metal roll-up doors in our room. Some (including myself) went outside to try to brace them while others tried to get the motel management to take action. In return for this disturbance the motel let us stay late on Sunday for free (until evening instead of noon). Frank Hayes did particularly noteworthy service in singing on a throat that was threatening to cave in on him - he often had to clear it several times during a single song. Leslie Fish had put a few hundred more poems to music, and the author got to hear them for the first time. We may have set a record for filking 23 out of 24 hours (breakfast break from 8 AM to 9 AM). We ate quite a lot at the buffet ("But no crowd of under 200 EVER ate an entire whatsit of beef before..." - we had about 120 - "Where's the beef?" commercials started shortly thereafter).

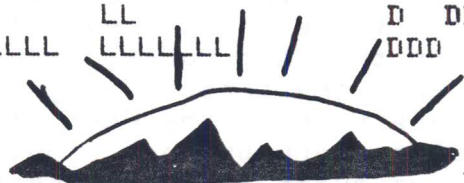
Keep on Filking! Dave!

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FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKKKKK		EEEEEEE	RRRRR	SSSS
FFFFFFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRRRRR	SSSS
FFF	III	LLL	KKK KKK		EEE	RRR RRR	SSS SSSS
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TT	II	LL	LL	D D	A A	W	WW	W	N N
TT	II	LL	LL	D D	AAAAAA	W	WW	W	N N
TT	II	LL	LL	D DD	A A	WW	WW	N	NN
TT	IIIIIIIII	LLLLLLLL	LLLLLLL	DDD	A A	W	W	N	N



verse 6, part 2 for APA-FILK 22

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2 Santa Clara, CA 95050 (408)985-9564

Don't ask me why verse 6, part 1 missed APA-FILK 21. All I know is that I mailed it around January 20. Since it was mailed first class, this should have been in plenty of time. Perhaps John received it late, or perhaps it never got there. I'm sending him another set with this one so they can be sent out together in #22. If anyone gets ahold of one of the older ones, please note the following change: The original tune for THE BALLAD OF KATOR SECONDCOUSIN has been scrapped, as Jordin Kare's tune to THE PIONEER'S SONG insisted that it was better and took over. What could I do? There I was, looking down the barrel of a 4/4. Enough of this, it looks like there's just room enough for a few

GRACE NOTES

- Greg - I liked 16K very much. I sang it at BAYFILK, and it got a very good reception.
- Mark - Get your sides straightened out. You commented lastish "but they're Rebels, not Yankees." The corresponding sides are Yankees/Empire and Senators (appropriate, what?)/Rebels.
- Innie - More egoboo for you - GOD DAMN THE SMURFS was received very well at Bayfilk. As for weird A1 - buy the records or listen/tape Dr. Demento.

John - Agreed, you can't put the mushroom cloud back in the shiny sphere. The world will not, in the foreseeable future, ban the bomb. Even if they did, how effective would it be? Didn't the world ban chemical warfare? Ask Afghanistan how effective that ban is. Freeze is a dream, but maybe the rate of growth of acceleration can be slowed a bit. With regard to violence - yes, it is more common in songs these days. However, you are 'way off base with your description of the song DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL. It does NOT "sing praises of a teen-age arsonist".

* WARNING * WARNING * WARNING * WARNING *

PLOT SUMMARY - FIRESTARTER

The story deals with PSI powers. The line "Fire, fire, fire, with the baby in the pen" refers to the girl herself as a baby, when her powers (pyrokinetic) basically had no controls. As for the rest of the story, it deals with intense government persecution of the girl. She has been taught about not using her ability ("but I never want to hurt them, for I know that would be bad"). The government kills her mother, imprisons both her and her father, and tricks her into developing her power. Her father dies, but she escapes. Is it any wonder that she would wish for revenge at this point? This is where the book ends, but the idea of turning the government's own tactics back on it is an old one ("you taught Daddy's Girl that game, you fools").

Jordin - If you're going to drop tidbits such as Prairie Home Companion, please give the call letters/frequency. R is the RAM that we used to call CORE...

Paul - I haven't heard the Star Trek version, but it sounds VERY close to the original....As to tapes, there is much variation between the amount and quality of taping on the East Coast, Midwest and West. I tape both to learn and to while away the time on long trips, just as you do. Good quality tape machines are rare on the East coast but common on the West coast. This is an evolutionary process, though, and the East will probably catch up. So we ought to think about guidelines now. I like to "go with the flow" - if people are interrupting the singer with comments and the singer is sassing them back, then fine. For the rest, common courtesy should suffice - if people are taping, be as quiet as you reasonably can when near the microphones. There's usually room for quiet noise if you're not in the first row or two. As for Megafilk, you should still be receiving my contributions via Bob Laurent.

Chris - Welcome.

Charles - Sorry you couldn't make it to Bayfilk - it was a helluvacon.

Lee - The Pennsic Inn has too much noise from the bar crowd to have any quiet songs...or any sleep with 100 yards.

Darren - I liked the first one.

The Household of the Peacemakers (of which I'm a member) is engaged in a project to collect all of the songs and stories dealing with the Dark Horde. We hope to preserve this part of the SCA's history while the people involved are still around. Lee has donated generously already, but nobody has it all. I'm interested in songs, stories, and especially any taped performances of Dark Horde bards. Other items (Dark Horde Survival Handbook) are also being collected. Please help me with this project.

This next song comes to you courtesy of Steven Savitsky, who has graciously given me permission to use some of his songs in these articles. He has written mostly computing songs. In a later article I'll run his verses to That Old Real-Time Religion (parallel evolution, he hadn't seen the verses in APA-Filk).

QWXB!!! in APA-Filk

Gregory A. Baker, 4103 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., Brooklyn, NY 11219

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

I am pleased to announce that I have finally obtained a replacement guitar for the Deadly Weapon, which expired on the operating table from a broken neck six months ago. The new guitar is an Angelica twelve-string with a very sweet tone. I hope to be back playing in filksings shortly.

Roberta Rogow called me and told me that she has a new edition of Rec Room Rhymes coming out. RRR#3 will have several of my songs in it this time. Write Roberta at P.O. Box 124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410 for further information.

I still think that APA-Filk ought to go to bi-monthly. I will be willing to OE the additional two issues per year if enough people are amenable to this. Despite Lee's "No, let's meet quarterly deadlines" comment (which I consider to be patronizing; who's put more filksongs into this APA, Lee or me?) I think that creativity would improve if we adopted this.

This also leads to another comment on the status of the APA; where's all the filk? There have been more comment zines recently than zines with filk. If I don't have anything to filk, I don't write for that collation. We are supposed to write songs. Where are they? In Kantele? In Philk Phenomenon? Why not APA-Filk as well? We are the experimental zine. Let's experiment!

"These Musical Isles", a series of British, Scottish, Welsh and Irish folk songs hosted by Jim Lloyd, is once again being broadcast by the BBC World Service. Times for broadcast are 0945 Wednesday and 10330 Thursday Greenwich Mean Time, over a variety of frequencies. If you have a shortwave radio and love music, this is a series which must not be missed. At 0430 Mondays "The Cambridge Buskers" also have a program. I think they got it because they have connections at the BBC (one of their friends shoves the tape cart with 'Liliburero' into the board on the hour.)

Listening to "These Musical Isles" and hearing the news gave me inspiration for this song:

yes! we have no Nirvana!
We have no Nirvana today!
There's reincarnation, no obliteration,
For people who want to stay.
We have Dis, Sheol, and Gehenna,
For people to pay for their play,
But yes! we have no Nirvana!
We have no Nirvana today!

QWXB!!! in APA-Filk, May, 1984

Three from the C.I.A.
Music: "Three Little Maids from School"

by Gregory Baker

Three little Yankee spies are we,

Filled to the brim with covert glee,

Kindly don't publish what you see,

Three from the C.I.A.!

One drops mines from the ocean tide (La-la-la-la-lalalalala!)

One tells the contras where to hide (La-la-la-la-lalalalalala!)

One keeps the Congress fact-denied, (La-la-la-la-lalalalalala!)

Three from the C.I.A.!

CHORUS

Three little spies who cry "¡Ahora!"

From Beagle Channel to Sonora,

Kindly don't tell the Contadora,

Three from the C.I.A. - three from the C - I - A!

2. One of them cries "Oh woe is me!"

Is it the Cubans or the K.G.B.?

"No! it's a crew from N.B.C.!"

(Three from the C.I.A.)

Put the machine guns in these holes!

Please steer the mine ships from the shoals,

We don't want Senatorials

Look at the C.I.A.

Ct: Mark Blackman - Alright, the last verse is preachy.
It ties the song together well, though. - I also
work better under time pressure. Your Muse
curls up and dies. Mine pops coffee.
Ct: John Boardman - No one likes "Rodger Young".
"Sophie Scholl" labors under this additional handicap.

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